



A Night by vayt

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Summary: Jonathan and Nancy decide to spend some time together a month after the defeat of the demogorgon . It's a late night, and there both a little nervous. This is my first ever posted story, and it's rather short. Please point out anything, comments are extremely appreciated.

A Night

The wash of cold air from the outside immediately gives rise to the hair on Jonathan's arms. His over-washed tea shirt hangs limply from his limbs and gives no protection from the outdoors, unlike Nancy's shearling coat. The hair collects in strands around her forehead and Jonathan can make out perspiration glistening on her skin. He opens the wooden door a little more and asks Nancy in, his limbs awkwardly bumping into the wall behind him, unsure of what to do. She smiles and walks in. Sitting herself on his burnt-orange couch, she disrupts the crocheted pillows he had set up earlier. The cold, awakening him from his stupor, alarms him of the still gaping door which he shuts quickly. Nancy sits illuminated in the lamp light, which casts a warm yet horribly artificial glow onto her face. They stare at each other, from across the room, unsure of what to do. "Would you like something to drink?" Jonathan breaks the quiet. "Yea... Just a glass of water would be great". He takes the opportunity and quickly finds himself in the kitchen.

The kitchen is obscured from the living room light, so Jonathan runs a glass of water under the sink by memory, just barely illuminated by the moon. He pours out the first glass, this time letting the water get adequately cold. Just biding time, he looks out at the moon. A hundred scenarios run through his mind of tonight. Some new, many rehearsed. He picks up the glass, the cold water spilling over onto his hand.

Nancy smiles at Jonathan as he re-enters the room. The wool blanket on the bed is causing her to fidget. He places the glass onto a coaster on the coffee table, water dripping off onto the wood. She shoots him another smile, and considers smiling a little less creepily. The two sit together, as far as possible from each other on the couch. "I see this is a new couch" she tries to grasp at a conversation. "Yea well, we couldn't really leave the old one..." Jonathan offers. Their eyes meet and both quickly find something else to look at. "Monster guts don't really wash out you see" he quips at her, she relaxes slightly, letting out a small laugh. "It's been awhile" she says, "yea..." . A silence falls again. "Hey look it doesn't have to be like this all night" "like this?" "Well yeah, the whole uncomfortable silence thing", Jonathan smiles

and nods, "Yeah okay". She gets up and makes her way to his tv stand, then crouching to inspect his movie collection. She begins to pull out titles, "Not alien okay?" he says joking, but firm, "yeah of course".

After a short while of comparing titles and several decisions later, they decide on The Lost Ark. The atmosphere had seemed to warm up, the light no longer as harsh, was a welcome to the cool drops running down the window panes. The movie plays loud, and Nancy worries that they might wake up his younger brother, or bother his mom. However the house seems completely abandoned, and she doesn't mind being alone. It's not as if she wasn't taking time for herself, she had peace more than she had time to hang out with any of her classmates, but being with Jonathan was different. There's a special bond you get from hunting monsters. Steve pops into her mind and she ponders if he'd be jealous.

The movie plays on, as they tend to do. The adventure and action was a pleasant distraction, though not entirely effective. Jonathan wrestles with his fingers, anxiety pulsing through him. Nancy had begun to nervously chew on her sweaters sleeve. It was unlike her, but tonight the fiber seemed particularly enticing. Needless to say there was a tension in the room. Indiana is fighting with his bare fists, punches flying, when the lamp residing beside Nancy begins to flash. On and off it wavers. The pulses flash. Nancy gasps slightly, moving back, her hand it falls on Jonathan's thigh, she trips over herself and falls hard onto the floor smashing her head into the coffee table. "Woah woah Nancy..." She stares at Jonathan unsure what to say. Words are caught in her throat, she points at the lamp, her stomach lurches. She's going to throw up. Jonathan kneels beside her, "Nancy calm down" his hands graze her shoulder, hovering, and then falling into an embrace. "Nancy-nancy... it's an old lamp the wiring isn't working properly", her dilated eyes struggle to find meaning in his words. "Nancy don't worry..." The movie plays in the background, unnoticed. Nancy begins to calm, her breathing slows, soon the two sit in the dark, only illuminated by the moonlight and the tv.